

## The Evening World.

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## VAUX.

**A**FTER a seven-day battle within a battle, waged at tremendous cost, the German forces in the Verdun region are in possession of Fort Vaux.

If what Germany now wants is gains at any price, the news of which can be posted in big letters in Berlin, no doubt Vaux counts for something in the German plan. What Germany has won at Vaux, however, is not a fort but a position. Of the fortifications only a clutter of ruins remains.

Vaux may be an advantageous height on which to post artillery. But it is far from being the last that protects Verdun. The French have still intact a half circle of inner forts, including the heights of Tannoy and Souville. This line is still from five to six miles outside Verdun itself.

The French artillery will make every foot of this ground a costly prize for the Germans, even measured by the standards of appalling sacrifice the Kaiser's generals seem to have established for Verdun.

Is it not possible that the French can well afford to lose Verdun provided they can slowly and deliberately draw on the Germans to a Pyrrhic victory the disastrous cost of which shall not be apparent until it has been paid?

Meanwhile the Russians are gathering vast armies on the eastern frontiers of the Teutonic empires. Austria is already giving way before them. How long before Germany will feel the impact?

## The Colonel to the Republican Convention, care Senator Jackson:

"I hope that the aim will be not merely to nominate a man who can be elected next November, but a man of such power, character, steadfast conviction and proved ability that if elected he will again place this nation where it belongs by making it true to itself, and therefore true to all mankind."

Falstaff: \* \* \* And yet there is a virtuous man, whom I have often noted in thy company, but I know not his name.

Prince Henry: What manner of man?

Falstaff: A good portly man, I' faith, and a corpulent; of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye, and a most noble carriage; and, as I think, his age some fifty, or by'r lady, inclining to three score; and now I remember me, his name is Falstaff. If that man should be loosely given, he deceiveth me; for, Harry, I see virtue in his looks. If then the tree may be known by the fruit as the fruit by the tree, then, peremptorily I speak it, there is virtue in that Falstaff: him keep with, the rest banish.

## WHY REAR-END COLLISIONS?

**T**HE usual inquiries will be needed to establish the exact cause of the "L" collision in the Bronx yesterday, in which a score of persons were hurt, one fatally.

It was one more rear-end collision, and as such it again raises the question whether railroads are really doing all they can to hasten the day when accidents of this class shall be obsolete.

Is it any longer necessary, particularly on an electrified system, that two trains travelling in the same direction on the same track should ever be so close together that only the action of a human eye and hand can even attempt to avert disaster?

An automatic block signal train-stopping device is workable in the subway, where trains run as frequently as anywhere on earth. Why, by this time, shouldn't every electric railway system below, on or above ground have adopted a similar safeguard?

The Republican Committee on Resolutions at Chicago has yielded to votes-for-women. Never were "ministering angels" more badly needed.

## PENALTIES FOR PARK VANDALS.

**L**AST month The Evening World asked the question: "Are the proper allies of public order and decency—the Park Police and the City Magistrates—ready for another campaign this summer against the vandals who deface the parks?"

Magistrate Appleton gave the answer in the Municipal Term Court Tuesday of this week. He fined twenty offenders from \$1 to \$5 each for injuring or littering park lawns in various ways and he gave a young man who was caught cutting his initials on one of the choicest chestnut trees in Claremont Park the alternative of \$10 fine or five days in jail.

The Magistrate took occasion to announce a schedule of penalties for park vandalism in terms plain to everybody. Scattering paper on the lawn will cost the offender \$2. Any one who leaves beer bottles on the grass will find himself set back \$5. Initial cutters must reckon on \$5 per letter.

The above terms hold throughout the summer, subject to advance whenever circumstances call for it. Due steps should be taken to impart the rates to those who ought to know them.

## Hits From Sharp Wits

If some people had an extra hour of daylight to kill they wouldn't know how to do it.—Pittsburgh Sun.

Too often when the hatchet is buried the handle is left conveniently uncovered.—Macon News.

Every man remembers that he was once a boy, but most of us have forgotten what kind of boys we were.—Albany Journal.

If a man drives an auto more than twenty miles an hour the officers pull him off the road, and if he runs less than twenty miles an hour the officers knock him off.—Nashville Banner.

The man who is getting the most

## Letters From the People

A Second Constant. B. Yes.

Would you kindly publish the following: What relation is my mother's first cousin to me? Also, are her children any relation to me?

CONSTANT READER.

## Australian "Bees."

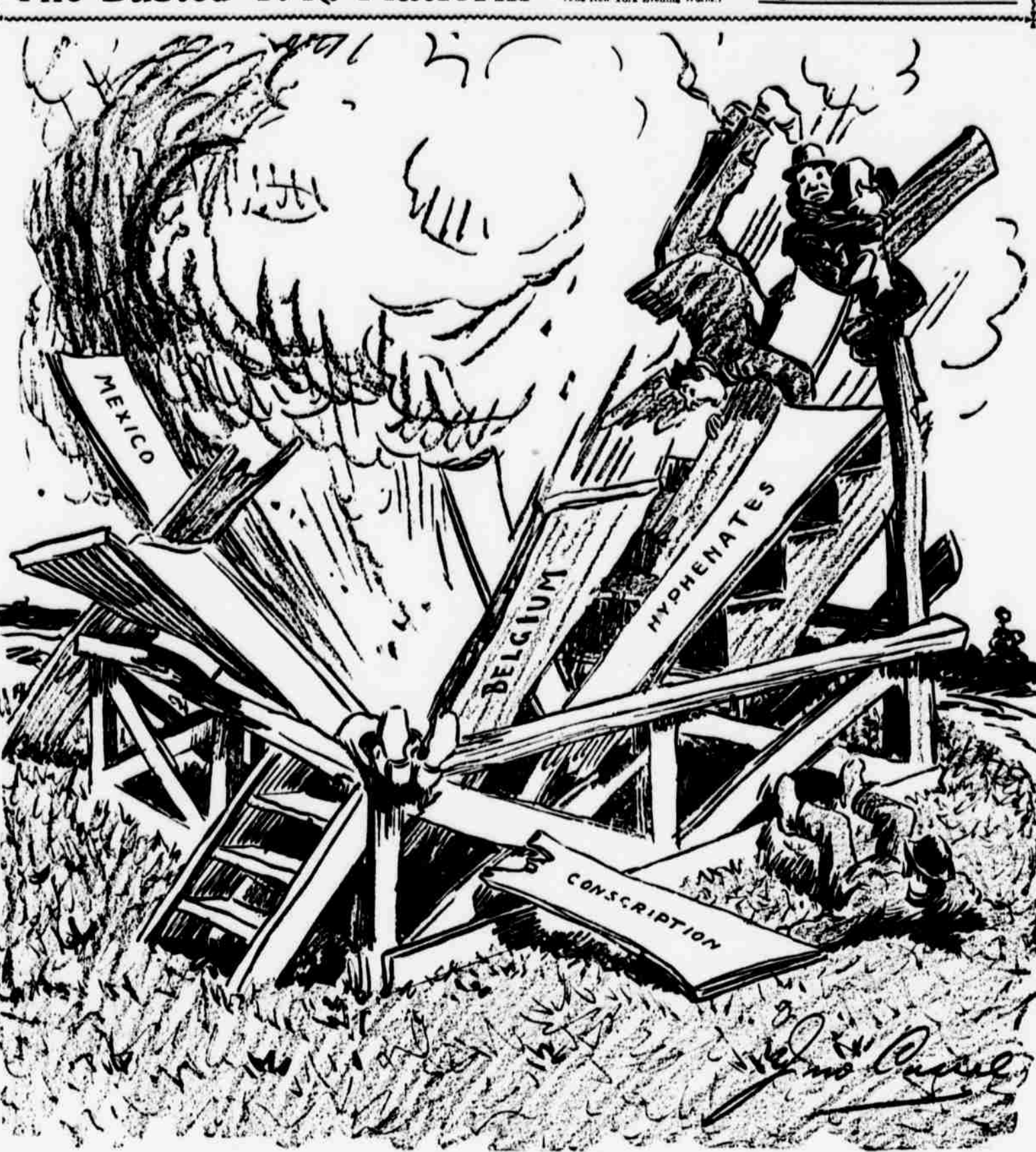
We should like to hear from some one stating what "Australian Bees" or "Bees" is derived from, and whether the wine is beneficial to drink. Such information will be of interest.

L. B. K.

## The Busted T. R. Platform

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By J. H. Cassel



## Just a Wife (Her Diary)

Edited by Janet Trevor.

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## CHAPTER XXV.

**A**UGUST—I had such an odd encounter to-day. I was buying shirtwaists at 8's, on Fifth Avenue, when she should come up to the counter but Mrs. Soames, whom I met six weeks ago during my honeymoon in Sandport.

But such a changed, such a transfigured Mrs. Soames! She had been a worn, flustered little person, with eyes and a skin so much older than the rest of her. I remembered her vividly—perhaps because her marriage was an unhappy contrast to what I believed—and still believe—I was to find in my own; perhaps because she gave me the most tragic confidence any woman can give to another, the story of her loss of faith in her husband.

In fact, the circumstances of my last meeting with her were so unpleasant that I half turned away, hoping she would not see me. A moment later, however, a cheerful voice—curiously different from the rather peevish tones I remembered—said, "My dear Mrs. Houghton!" Mrs. Soames was at my elbow and I couldn't escape.

"How is the little bride?" she continued cheerfully. "My dear, I never dreamed of meeting you to-day. And I am so glad of it, for I want you to come to lunch with me. Oh, I insist! I have so much to tell you, and I want to hear how you are getting on."

Before I realized it we were sitting opposite each other in one of the tea-rooms just off the avenue. Mrs. Soames ordered a charming luncheon for me, but for herself she chose lettuce and tomato salad and ice cream. "You are looking so well," I said at the first opportunity, for I didn't want the conversation to drift into a personal discussion of matrimony.

"I am a new woman," Mrs. Soames replied, with the air of calm cheerfulness which seemed to have become habitual to her. "And one reason why I have brought you to lunch is to tell you all about it."

She paused a moment, and it seemed to me that the pink in her cheeks deepened a trifle. "You remember the story I told you when I met you down in Maine, she plumed herself. 'I told you that I could not trust my husband, that he had betrayed me once and I could never believe him again. I said that my life was ruined because of this fact.'

I had been listening in embarrassed silence, but I interrupted her. 'Please don't say that about it,' I begged. 'I could help you—but you know I tried to be of service to you once, and you—'

"I understood," Mrs. Soames finished for me. "I told you that I had loved him once and I could never believe him again. I said that my life was ruined because of this fact."

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## Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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**H**ARKEN unto the Lamentations of the Summer Girl, oh my Daughter!

Farewell, farewell, saith the Summer Girl; farewell, oh City of Delight!

Farewell, my suite de luxe, my creature comforts, my porcelain bath, my hot and cold water and my pleasant dreams of night!

For, behold, the hour hath struck when I must take up my glad rags and depart from thee. Yea, now must I go forth unto the Far Places, even unto the TRENCHES of the summer colony.

Where the walls are thinner than a man's excuses and the wallpaper is as beautiful as a woman in a chin-strap before breakfast.

Where the phonograph playeth until 12 at night and the little fly begetteth singing at 5 in the morning.

Where the moon shineth upon the shimmering sands, inviting lovers to bask in its radiance—and there is NO one to love!

Where a damsel spendeth half her days in making herself alluring and the other half in yearning for SOMETHING to "lure."

Where the ozone induceth sleep and the mosquitoes drive it away. Where the Landlord guaranteeeth thee an appetite and giveth thee nothing wherewith to satisfy it.

Where the Perfect Thirty-Six parade the beach in her latest bathing suit for the admiration of the natives and the clams.

Where the actress and the grass widow array themselves in middy blouses, that they may resemble debutantes.

And the Ingenue painteth the lily of her cheek and donneth long earrings, that she may be mistaken for an actress.

Where the stock clerk changeth his clothes four times a day and passeth for a millionaire.

And the millionaire smoketh an old pipe and reveleth in his shirt sleeves and his fishing clothes.

Where the stenographer weareth ALL her rings and poseth as an heiress, and the heiress goeth about in khaki and sandals and poseth as a wood nymph.

Where the dances are as blithe and gay as a Wagnerian opera and the dancing men are rarer than a husband's kisses.

Then gird me with founces and adorn me with flowers and farthingales that I may "do time" in the Desert of Deadliness called the SUMMER RESORT!

For such is the Fate of the Summer Girl and I am "IT"!

Selah.

## The First Detachable Linen Collar.

**A**N American woman invented the modern starched linen collar. She was the wife of a blacksmith in Troy, N. Y., and she invented the separate collar to save work, as she noted that the shirt remained clean much longer than the collar. The Rev. Ebenezer Brown saw one of

these separate collars around the neck of the blacksmith, and in 1829 he engaged in the business of marketing separate collars and cuffs. The industry thus established in Troy has ever since remained centered there, and 80 per cent of all collars made in North America come from Troy.

"I heard you were going there to see a show called 'Girles and More Girles' and that one of the girls named Pansy Rosemary Velter was—"

"Just a moment!" came from Mrs. Pertie. "The Mayor will have to explain this change to us later or we cannot permit him to represent the Betterment League at the convention. Meeting adjourned!"

Mayor Walker protested, but Mrs. Pertie was firm. The Mayor thereupon ordered Constable Brown to arrest Perkins. A fight followed in which the officer was knocked down four times, but he managed to subdue his man by holding him down and waiting until his own men came. The mix-up set the whole town talking. There is much indignation.

## Mayor Walker of Delhi

By Bide Dudley.

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**M**AYOR CYRUS PERKINS WALKER of Delhi will go to St. Louis as a delegate to the Democratic National Convention, but he may not have the endorsement of the Women's Betterment League of his home town. This league will meet behind closed doors Sunday and give the Mayor a chance to explain a charge that recently came up against him at a Suffrage meeting.

He held under the auspices of the Betterment ladies. If he can do so satisfactorily he will be given a floral horseshoe, already purchased for him, and will go to St. Louis with the league's endorsement. If he cannot explain clearly, his candidacy for reelection as Mayor next fall may be jeopardized.

The Mayor did not attend the Suffrage meeting exactly voluntarily. Accompanied by Constable Peles Brown he was passing the hall when several of the ladies swooped down on him and literally dragged him.

Escorted by Mrs. Elsie Q. Pertie and Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, he went to the platform and immediately launched into an address.

"Ladies and gentlemen," he began, "when I go to St. Louis I shall address the convention on the subject of equal votes for women and—"

"Rights, you mean," said Mrs. Tobias Whipple.

"Yes, rights is right!" came from the Mayor. "I shall address—"

"Parson me, my dear Mayor," said Miss Doolittle, "but I should say 'rights are right.' The word is plural and should take the plural verb. An error in grammar always grates on me."

"Yes," said a man's voice, coming from the rear of the hall, "on me, too. Leave us have good grammar here, please."

"Who's speaking?" demanded the Mayor.

"It's Caley Perkins," replied Mrs. Pertie. "He should have said, 'Let us.'"

"Go, rathless!" said the man's voice. "Cut it out!" said the Mayor. "Now, ladies and gentlemen," he continued, "I'm going to St. Louis solely to look after our interests and see that—"

"I heard different," growled Perkins. "What did you hear?"

"I heard you were going there to see a show called 'Girles and More Girles' and that one of the girls named Pansy Rosemary Velter was—"

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## The Stories Of Stories

Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces

By Albert Payson Terhune

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## FORTUNE'S FOOL. By Julian Hawthorne.

**S**INCLAIR, the book agent, drove from one end of Devonshire to the other in his peacock-blue cart that was drawn by a tiny gray donkey and piled high with books that nobody seemed to care about buying.

He was a sturdy, red-headed fellow, this book agent. And he mightily enjoyed the gypsy-like life he led, even when he could not interest the Devon folk in the classic literature he peddled.

One morning he was driving along a narrow and rutted lane when he saw a team of big horses jogging toward him. Their driver was a giant in strength and size, and he sat on the box of a wagon as heavy as the car of Juggernaut.

The driver made no move to turn out for Sinclair, or even to check the speed of his horses as they bore down upon the tiny donkey cart.

"Look out!" he bawled. "All run over there!" Sinclair caught up a book, leaped from the cart, ran forward to meet the team, and violently yanked the horses' heads to one side so that the wagon lurched into the ditch.

What did "ee do that fur?" bawled the giant, jumping down from his seat and advancing angrily toward Sinclair.

"I wanted you to buy this book, for one thing," calmly replied Sinclair, thrusting the volume under the other's nose. "This book was written by a man named Smollett."

He got no further. Knocking the extended volume into the wayside mud, the driver roared:

"That for the book! Wull 'ee fight?"

"Certainly," was Sinclair's placid reply. "If you wish it. But I tell you beforehand I shall hurt you more than you will like."

The other—best heavyweight boxer and wrestler in the whole region—laughed contemptuously at his smaller foe, and struck for his face. But the face was not there when the fist whizzed by. With ridiculous ease Sinclair outboxed his awkward opponent. Then they clinched. And presently the giant found himself on his back, helpless and beaten. Gruffly he confessed he had had enough. But Sinclair merely answered:

"First, you must go down on your knees and beg for mercy. Then you must pay me half a crown for the book you sold."

The giant, with a snarl of rage at such impossible peace terms, flung himself into the battle again. But all his furious strength was set at naught by the shorter man's almost uncanny skill. In less time than before, the giant was prone and unable to move.

Again Sinclair repeated his demand. Again the other growled a sullen refusal.

Sinclair shifted his grip and slowly began to grind the knuckles of his right fist into the hollow of the driver's temple. (Never try this unless you want to blind or maim or kill. It is one of the most awful tortures man can inflict.)

The giant set his teeth and sought to endure the unbearable agony as best he could. But when human nature could withstand no more, he groaned that he was beaten. At once the grinding ceased.

"Get down on your knees at once," suggested Sinclair. "And have it over."

The beaten man, sick with pain, flopped down on his knees in the mud and mumbled an incoherent plea for mercy.

"And, now," went on Sinclair, nodding approval, "we come to the pleasant part."

He picked up the book and held it out to the tortured giant.

"Two-and-sixpence," he said, cheerily.

Meaning with anguish and with the black shame of his defeat, the man handed out the money.

"Thank you," said Sinclair, climbing into his cart and starting the donkey again on its journey. "Good luck!"

## The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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**M**RS. JARR'S mother was visiting her. She was asking Mrs. Jarr in making over some old dresses and they were sitting in the front room of the Jarr flat. The side blinds were closed, with the lattice in them opened at a downward angle of forty-five degrees. This made the room forty-five degrees darker than outside and, to Mr. Jarr's mind, about forty-five degrees warmer.

Mrs. Jarr's mother held up the length of white linen, with the fold she held in her left hand touching the tip of her nose and the fold she held in her right hand as far off in a straight line as she could stretch it. She grunted in a self-satisfied way and moved up the right hand to where the left hand had been holding and stretched the cloth away until she had got a new hold on the edge of it with her left hand to her elbow, straight up again. She repeated this astonishing performance some half dozen times and then remarked:

"Well, strange to say, it is six yards! You can never trust some of the stores. I measure every bit of cloth I buy from them, and where I deal they know it, and so they always give me full measure!"

If the length of Mrs. Jarr's mother's nose had any part in the measuring process that lady must have got good measure indeed.

Mr. Jarr sat at the back of the room eyeing the mysteries of the processes of making new dresses from old. It was too dark for him to read where he sat. So that Mr. Jarr came to the resolution that for him there was no place to go but out. He had pussy-footed for the door, but not a move escaped Mrs. Jarr's mother.

"Is he going out for that No. 60 thread?" she asked.

"I found a spool," said Mrs. Jarr.

"No! Do tell me! I've always wanted to get something on that old thing! And at her age, too! Well, will wonders never cease?" cried Mrs. Jarr's mother in mingled interest and delight.

"Oh, Mrs. Hickett, poor old soul, did nothing wrong," said Mrs. Jarr. "You see it was this way: She and Cora Hickett, for all their airs, were always doing some skimp thing to save a penny. Mrs. Jarr, hitting off a thread, the great irritation of Mr. Jarr's nerves again."

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